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"BABE" NEAL

Says That All Troops Must Move Soon From Tampa.

Fear That Sanitary Conditions Will Become Bad—Co. F Scores Great Number of Points at Target Practice.

At the time the last letter was written from Co. F to the NEWS-HERALD, we did not expect to be here at this date, nor did we expect to spend the Fourth of July at Camp DeSoto. However, we are still here, but do not think that we will stay but a very short time. Have heard from an official source that we would go to Fernandina, Fla., and there camp until the wet season in Cuba is over, and then form a part of the army which will invade that country. Some think we will go to Newport News, Va. We cannot tell, as we may leave here under sealed orders.

The 32d Michigan left last night for Fernandina. This is a fine regiment, being one of the best drilled in the U. S. service and forms a part of the 4th army corps. The 1st Florida of the 4th army corps will leave for the same camp today. The 32d Michigan showed the boys a good time last night, especially the citizens. The saloonist on the corner says they are a tough gang.

The health of the camp is very good at present, but am afraid it will not remain so, as it has rained every day for the past three weeks. It has rained so much and so fast that the sandy soil has taken up all it can and stagnant water is now standing on the ground to the depth of three or four inches. This, it is thought, will make the camp subject to malarial diseases in a short time. There is a law prohibiting U. S. soldiers to be encamped at one place for more than sixty days. We have been here since May 21st. For these and several other reasons we know that we'll not be here long.

The first battalion of the 3d Regiment, composed of Companies F, B, G and H, had target practice this morning. Co. F, as usual, scored more points than any other company. From each company will be selected the ten best marksmen, and they will be given regular target practice to make them eligible for sharpshooters. The successful ten in Co. F yesterday scored as follows out of a possible 26: Whitehead, 21; Covan, 20; K. Raines, 14; Hart, 14; Chaney, 13; N. P. Neal, 13; Pinkerton, 13; Barrere, 12; Brabson, 12; T. Williamson, 12. Eighty-four members of the company took part. The range was 200 yards. To-morrow the range will be 300 yards, and the ten best men on both days will be the lucky ones.

Lieut. Manning, of Co. I, 3d Regiment, O. V. I., who went to Cuba as aid-de-camp to Gen. Hawkins, commander of the first division of the 5th army corps, has returned to the United States against his will, and has accompanied the wounded General to Cold Springs, a noted health resort in Maryland. The other two aids of Gen. Hawkins were killed at the battle of Santiago.

Battery C, of the 7th Light Artillery, had a drill at this camp Wednesday. It was quite a sight for those who had never seen artillery drill. They used 4 and 6 inch guns, throwing shells four thousand yards into the bay before they would burst. Some they let burst on the shore. The boys picked up pieces of scrap iron which composed the interior of the shells. This, together with our sham battles, has given us a great idea of an actual engagement.

The New York World contains an article to-day stating that the 3d Ohio will soon be enroute to a beautiful summer camping place in the vine-clad hills of Southern Pennsylvania. Several of the boys would like to go there, but most of us would prefer going to Cuba—Olinthus county.

The recruits of Co. F are drilling hard every day and are standing it very well and seem to be well satisfied. The recent rains have been a great advantage to them, as the air is much cooler than it would otherwise have been. Two of the recruits, McReynolds and McMillen, have been detailed as Co. F's buglers.

The 3d Regiment Band is rapidly improving, several new pieces having been added. Mr. Ridgely, the drummer, who was sent to Springfield, Ohio, as recruit officer, has returned and brought with him several fine musicians. They had the honor of being the band chosen to escort the 32d Michigan from camp. They were greatly applauded for their excellent music. Everyone cheered the Michigan boys on their departure, even the residents of this place. Co. F is represented in the regimental band by four members—McReynolds and McMillen, buglers; A. J. Lyle, tuba; and W. J. Phoebe, baritone. The latter joined this company at Camp Bushnell.

We are facing above the average at present. Commissary Surgeon Dryden has exchanged several hundred pounds of flour for bread. All we can get it

just as we use it, we have fresh bread every meal. Our meat is fairly good. We have lately had several meals of raw tomatoes, sliced onion, cabbage, etc. Take it all the way through, by the efforts of our Commissary, we fare as good, if not better, than any other company in the regiment.

Capt. Bowles is acting Major of the first battalion in the absence of Major R. E. Campbell.

Chas. Fay, of Springfield, Ohio, has been commissioned first battalion Adjutant. The vacancy was caused by the resignation of Adjutant Marshall, of Georgetown, Ohio.

Major P. J. Curran, of the 3d battalion, has been overseeing the loading of the transports at Port Tampa for the past week.

The Y. M. C. A. have meetings, lectures, etc., every evening. We listened to a very interesting lecture on Tuesday night, by Prof. Nash, entitled "The last life of a young man." We all went.

Orders are issued, countermanded and re-issued all in one day. We have just seen in a Tampa paper that nearly all the troops at this place would sail for Porto Rico within a few days. When we do leave Tampa will be a dead town. The citizens know this, and are very anxious for us to stay. BILL NIT.

NOTES.

Steve Willett's dreams must have carried him back to old Highland as he walked all through the regiment street in his sleep looking for a cant hook.

Louis Reinhold is at Hillsboro as often as he is in Tampa. His mind wanders. Pelican (Birch) Miller loves to sit and talk about that cold spring and locust grove down in Marshall.

Roy Mackerly has got an attack of that "dread feeling," but that is natural.

Billie Warren says the only thing that would ever induce him to return to Highland would be to get a bite of Brady's dog.

Blinkey Morgan bought a war cry so he could tell when the war would close. Babe Neal found a \$2 bill in the Y. M. C. A. and it was as good as gold until he turned it over. He walked a mile before he would look at it, afraid some one would claim it. There was an "ad" on the other side.

Tomorrow is wash day in the "Palace Royal," providing Mackerly comes out of his trance. It is his turn to do the washing.

The boys will soon be so knotty from mosquito bites that the girls will have nothing whatever to do with them.

Barnie Howard wants to be home by the time the corn (juice) is ripe.

In the evening by the candle light you can hear the Mosquito singing, and that is no lie.

The boys are all looking forward to when the bear will break loose, and then we will have a holy circus and lots of other exciting things.

Jim Gorman is the Crazy Dave of the regiment. He has from one to five dogs following him at all times, and sometimes a peddler is very close to him.

Corporal Wm. (Punch) Rockel is the company's champion scrapper, as some of the boys are willing to admit.

William Raines has nearly regained his appetite which he accidentally lost on his way down when the car door happened to be wide open.

Every girl that I have talked to down here says the very same thing and I can't make that out.

THE COR.

The boys are all like John Rockel's pledge. They are broke early.

Ser. J. H. M. Mullerix caused a commotion last night. He thought he had been bitten by a tarantula and raised the whole camp by his cries of murder, etc. When the light was brought nothing but a match was found on the blanket he had vacated so hurriedly. He had been visiting the Regimental Canteen just before taps.

Tobacco has been very scarce for some time in camp and when the boys bum a chew they have to answer some questions before they receive it. Pally Fullerton had some Speckled Beauty tobacco and when Sandy Carroll asked for a chew he was told to spell the name of the brand correctly. He said S-a-n-d-y and was told to go up head.

We have water to let, and more to get; and it is an even bet, we will get more of it yet. "Spoke, shake."

Bud Woods wants M. Maher to keep his penny machine until he comes home as he has learned some sense.

I don't think that you could raise a potato down here even if you let John Holleran plant it.

It is an old saying that days come and days go, but there is one day that will come no more. He had ples to sell.

They say war is "L," but it is not in it with these Florida Mosquitoes.

This morning the sun shone so hot that it melted the rubber on my pocket book. But I did not happen to lose any coin.

We are arranging for an excursion from Tampa next Sunday to "Ell" and return. Rates 75cts. Hot Satan, Chief Assistant.

We have seen negroes, and negroes of all kinds, but these Florida coons take the tack. They don't know where, nor when or how they got here. All they know is watermelon and mule.

Cor. Smith says he don't care when or where we go to, and he doesn't care if we never go, just so long as we are on the American side of the water.

Our mosquitoes carry lightning bugs with them so they will have no trouble finding Co. F.

The mosquito sings in our ear that the boys are getting tough down on the Wabash.

All donations will reach us promptly by addressing them to the Palace Royal, Co. F, 3d O. V. I., Tampa, Fla. Yours, OLYNTHUS KICK, KY.

TECUMSEN

In the State of Sunflowers and Speak-Easies.

How Kansas Has Been Up Against Some Horrible Handicaps.

BLEEDING KANSAS, July 22, 1898.

After many moons and a few stars and things your humble servant is once more in the Sunflower State. Who has not heard the sweet little rhyme—with variations—something like this:

Potatoes they grow small in Kansas, Potatoes they grow small in Kansas, Oh, potatoes they grow small And they eat 'em tops and all For potatoes they grow small in Kansas.

Perchance the poet whose diamond-decked hand penned those lines had it in for Kansas. To be candid, I can't blame him much. Kansas, by some freak of fate became a score of years ago a crank dump. Not only did most of the cranks from other states come here and settle down, but she was breeding a pretty good line of the article of her own. The result has been that Kansas has farthered more fool schemes than a legion of centipedes has legs. She has had grasshoppers and clohoppers and ash-hoppers and direful droughts, but the crank has done her more harm than all of them combined.

The reader may have seen the widely-copied editorial "What's the Matter With Kansas?" that William Allen White wrote for his Emporia paper during the last presidential campaign. Those who have not seen it should see it. It is full of cold facts—and Will Harmon has a copy of it at the Express office.

It was a Kansas law maker that introduced a bill in the legislature to have the ten commandments enacted as statutes.

So far I haven't seen much of the state this trip, but will cover it pretty thoroughly during the next three weeks. Lawrence was one of my stations. Lawrence has three grounds for distinction—and no more. Here is where Quantrell and his bloody retainers dashed themselves upon the defenseless village during the rebellion and put to the sword hundreds of the inhabitants—men, women and children—showing no quarter. The story of the sacking and burning of Lawrence on that occasion is one of the blackest spots in the history of the Western continent.

Her other grounds for distinction are that she has the State University and a large Indian school. The rah-rah boys and the young Indians give the town quite a scholastic air.

The day I was at Lawrence a terrible storm passed over the place. It was a corker, but, fortunately it was a little to high up to do any damage. Nevertheless it drove me out in the middle of a field where I lay flat as a blue racer and clutched industriously at grass and weeds to prevent being blown away. I plead guilty to having been scared out of another years growth, which, after my past tussels with the storm king, does not reflect as much discredit upon me as at first might be supposed.

Yesterday I was at Pittsburg, which, I dare say, is one of the very best towns in Kansas. Pittsburg had a very narrow escape from being in Missouri. It has 13,000 population, five large sink smelt-plant, numerous coal mines and a speedy trolley car system. It really did not seem like being in Kansas to be in Pittsburg.

The crops out this way have been exceptionally good. It is the exception and not the rule to have big crops two seasons in succession, but it has just occurred. I see by a newspaper that the Nebraska Board of Agriculture estimates that the wheat crop of that state will exceed 250,000,000 bushels. The yield, it is claimed, is very superior, and all indications point to an immense crop of fine corn. These facts mean much to these states where the farming interests are so extensive.

I spent last Sunday and Monday in Kansas City—another one of the places where I once settled down to grow up with the city. In 1888 I worked on the Journal there and thought seriously of buying a house and lot on the installment plan and going to housekeeping. Luckily, better counsel prevailed. I never could have paid for it any way.

Highland county is represented in Kansas City journalism by Mrs. Rea. S. McQuire, who is society editor of the Star, and who is one of the very best "newspaper fellow" in the business.

I met Charley Gamble in Kansas City and after Sunday School went around and looked at the city, which, I am pleased to say continues to improve very perceptibly.

Charley is head shipping clerk on something in the big wholesale grocery house of the Ridenhour-Baker Grocery Company, one of the largest concerns of the kind in the country—bigger'n our'n, in fact.

One frequently hears it said that it doesn't pay to write poetry. Not only have I acquired a fortune by nonchalantly dashing off epics and lyrics and other ics, but Gamble has been able to realize on his talents in that line. He is married, and lived (when this occurred) in a house that needed certain repairs. The agents, however, after the manner of renting agents, paid no heed to his plaintive appeals. Finally he sat down and wrote the following letter, which is good enough to be copied in its entirety:

"Gentlemen:—Just listen to this tale of woe I'm telling now to you, and see if some good remedy you'll find when I am through: The back room walls and ceiling are as bald as Patsy's pate; they've been needing very badly some papering of late; the entrance to the front yard's in a very bummy state, and the reason why is simply this—no hinges on the gate; the front fence needs a palling—yes, one, or two or three, and I live in hopes from day to day, you'll 'tend to these for me."

These lines touched the hearts of the agents and the results exceeded Mr. Gamble's wildest expectations. There was a new roof, a new porch, new paper, new paint and new hinges. Who says poetry doesn't pay.

I found an interesting news paragraph in a daily paper the other day. At a sociological congress being held at Lake Bluff, near Chicago a few days ago a question propounded by a W. O. T. U. delegate was: "Can members of the W. O. T. U. and Y's consistently use beer bottles to take cold tea to picnics in?"

Now this would naturally start the thinking machinery of a man up a tree. How can the W. O. T. U's and Y's account for the possession of empty beer bottles? Of course a philistine husband or brother might furnish them in occasional instances, but I can scarcely conceive how these instances and the consequential beer bottles full of cold tea could have become so numerous as to call for serious discussion. Possibly they've been getting Florida water, Worcestershire sauce, hoky-poky and other commodities in the beer bottles. The question was propounded, I believe, by a Chicago delegate. In Hillsboro, I am proud to believe, the terrible evil of carrying cold tea to picnics in Anheuser-Busch empties has not yet gained a dangerous foothold. But, in the language of my old friend, the country correspondent, a word to the wise is sufficient. You can't be too careful about these things.

Yes, there some good people in Kansas. Highland county has sent most of them. But there's no getting around the fact that between the benders and hoppers and twisters and Prohibitionists and Populists and other public misfortunes she's had a hard row to hoe.

But I think she's about to come to. Yours with much love, TECUMSEN.

Tampa Photos.

We have received at this office several photos of the boys at Tampa, with views of the Third and Fifth on dress parade, and their camp ground. The pictures were taken from the top of a building, which gives a magnificent view of the camp and parade ground.

One of the pictures represents the 2d and 3d battalions on dress parade, with camp in distance. Another shows the camp of the 3d Regiment, with Hillsboro Bay in the distance. One gives the camp of the 3d and 5th, with company drill on parade ground. Another picture shows dress parade of the band and 1st battalion of the 3d Regiment.

The photos are on exhibition at this office, and anyone who is interested in these views is at liberty to call and look them over.

\$10,000 Rain.

The County Commissioners leave this morning for a tour over the county for the purpose of ascertaining the damage done to bridges, culverts, etc., by the recent heavy rain. They estimate that it will cost \$10,000 to repair the damage.

H. C. T. I.

The Highland County Institute will be held in Hillsboro August 15-16. A fine corps of instructors has been secured.

H. C. MURKIN.

SHOT HIMSELF

In the Abdomen Did Geo. Hire—A Fatal Wound.

Playing With a Revolver and Accidentally Discharged It—How It Occurred.

George Hire, the fifteen-year-old son of City Solicitor John T. Hife, shot himself in the abdomen with a 32 calibre, long, Smith & Wesson revolver on last Monday morning. He now lies at the home of his parents on North street at the point of death. He cannot live but a few hours.

The accident is a most deplorable one, and a result of a child's desire to play with firearms.

Young Hire in some manner secured the key to the drawer in which his father kept his revolver, stole out the gun and about nine o'clock Monday morning slipped back into the yard of Judge J. H. Thompson, which adjoins the Hire home. He sat down under some shrubbery and had possibly only been there a short while when the members of the Thompson household heard the report of a gun. Mr. Henry Thompson hurried out and asked George if he had fired the shot. He replied that he had stepped upon the revolver and that it had exploded. He then walked away, leaving the revolver near the bushes. Mr. Thompson did not notice that the boy was shot, and picked up the revolver with the intention of returning it to Mr. Hire. He noticed that but one cartridge had been fired.

Young Hire went directly home. He went upstairs and did not tell anyone of his condition. Some time after his suffering forced him to divulge his horrible condition.

Drs. Holmes and Larkin were at once sent for and hurried to the Hire home. They immediately recognized that the wound was fatal. The beating of the lad's pulse was almost imperceptible, and the physicians knew that with his lack of vitality it would be impossible to perform an operation, which was the only hope of saving his life.

The ball had entered the abdomen, slightly to the right of the center of the body. Its course was inclined upward and toward the right, and passed out of the body a few inches higher than it had entered.

The course of the bullet indicated that it had perforated some of the larger intestines and that other vital organs had been struck.

It is presumed from the nature of the wound that at the time of the accident Young Hire had been attempting to extract the cartridge from the weapon. While doing this it would be necessary to slightly raise the hammer so that the cylinder would revolve. It is thought that his finger may have slipped, the hammer descended and fired the gun.

The accident was a most distressing one, and the entire community extends its sympathy to the distracted family.

Worse Than Usual.

The Hillsboro Baseball Team, which has played some of the poorest ball imaginable, played a little poorer than usual in their game with Winkle at the Fair Grounds Thursday.

The nine, big, healthy, hefty, athletic boys from Winkle won in a canter because they played with ginger and vigor and because they were strong enough to knock the ball out of the lot whenever they hit it.

Hillsboro's team of pickups played with a lamentable lack of spirit and showed an agonizing inability to handle even the easiest things that came their way. Hixson, who has played some of the worst ball, tied his poorest record and Newt. Chaney played same. Parker, who never could pitch, pitched about as usual and was unmercifully lambasted. Davy Reese who is considered infallible even made an error as did all other members of the team. Lew Ellis played right field in a sensational manner and the triple play by Reese unassisted was a brilliant feature.

The score was 20 to 10.

Squire Roush's Court.

F. M. Stevens, of Ripley, through his attorney, C. E. Holladay, brought suit last Saturday before Squire Roush against J. H. Woods, of this place, for \$300. Stevens holds a promissory note given him by Woods for the amount stated above. The case is set for hearing on Saturday next.

Minnie Hivarden vs. Wm. F. Goins, bastardy, is the style of another case which was filed on July 16th. Both parties are colored. The hearing is indefinitely postponed on account of sickness of Goins.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THAT EXPERT

Has Gone Over the Line of the Proposed C. H. & W. R. R.

W. H. Loss, of New York City, representing a syndicate of New York capitalists, was in this city last Monday night, after completing a tour of the proposed line of the C. H. & W. R. R.

Mr. Loss has been engaged for about ten days in going over the line. He has carefully considered all of the possibilities of the road, its resources, freight rates of competing lines, etc.

Mr. Loss began his examination of the road last Monday. He started from Milton, and in company with Mr. J. T. Patterson, of Pikeston, followed the line of survey to Hillsboro. At this place Capt. J. M. Hiestand met the party and conducted them Monday over the line to Fayetteville. Mr. Loss went thence to Milford and Cincinnati, returning here Monday night.

In a conversation with Capt. Hiestand and other promoters of the road Mr. Loss spoke very favorably of its prospects. However, he said that he could at present give out nothing definitely in regard to the construction of the road. There were many things to consider. He thought the resources of the country which the line would tap were very encouraging, but it was necessary to consider freight rates of competing lines, which were at present very low.

Mr. Loss left on Tuesday morning for Portsmouth and went thence to Weston. There he will complete his examinations and proceed thence to New York to finish up his report, which he states will occupy his time for the next three or four weeks. He will then present the matter to the Board of the body which he represents.

Damaging Downpour.

Never in its history has Highland county been deluged to such an extent as it was on last Monday afternoon. The oldest inhabitant says that the downpour beats anything in his recollection. The rain began about one o'clock and for two hours it descended in torrents—it actually poured. The downpour then became more moderate but continued steadily all afternoon.

From all over the county come reports of the damage done by the swollen streams. Small streams left their banks and tore through fields and creeks became rivers. All along the creek bottoms great damage was done to crops.

Many bridges were swept away and Commissioner W. C. McCoppin has been notified of the following:

The bridge on the Marshall pike spanning a small stream near Eliza's Ervin's was washed away. The Chas. Larkin's bridge between Cincinnati and Danville pikes was destroyed. LaForge bridge on West Union pike was badly washed about foundation. Buck Run bridge, near Fairfax, on West Union pike was carried away. Chas. Woods' bridge near Berryville, and the Jim Shannon bridge and the Henry Spargur bridge over Brushcreek were torn away. The Vance culvert on the West Union pike couldn't stand the pressure and was washed out, and three culverts on the Leesburg pike were also destroyed. The Ad. Gall bridge near Sinking Spring on Brushcreek was another victim of the water. Two bridges in Paint township on Big Branch were undermined, and two bridges on the Chillicothe pike between this place and Rainsboro are just hanging. A bridge over Bull creek in Fairfield is also down.

Look out for Roosevelt's Rough Riders and Spanish and Cuban Cavalry dash each morning on the track at the people's fair.

Miss Grace Rogers left Thursday for Washington O. H., where she will be the guest of relatives and friends for some time.